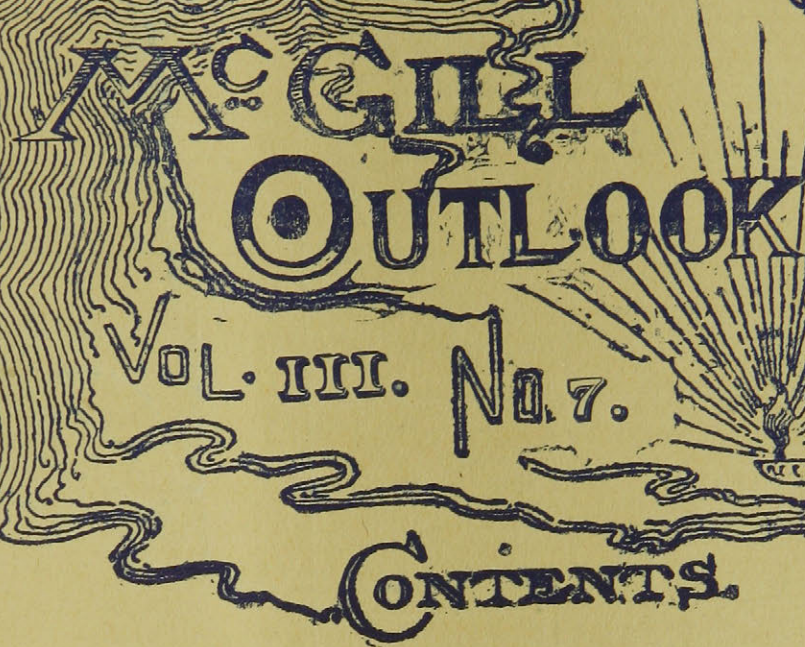


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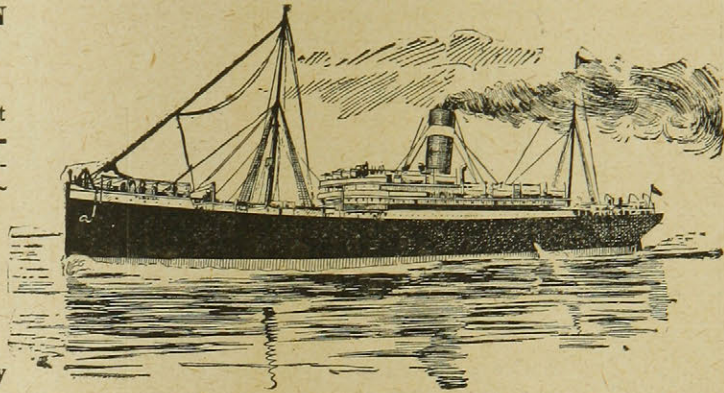
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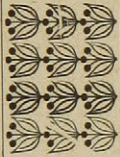
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Editorial.

Social.

The social side of life at McGill is very much in evidence just at present. The brilliant function at the opening of the R.V.C. last month was a fitting inauguration of a season which promises to be more pleasant than ordinary. Next in order to the R.V.C. affair came the First Annual Dinner of the Cricket Club, which was held in the new Café attached to Her Majesty's on Friday evening last. The Dinner was presided over by Prof. Moyse, President of the Club, and proved a most enjoyable event, allowing as it did an opportunity to the scattered members of the Club to re-unite and talk over the victories of the past season.

The Cricket Club is one of the most successful athletic organizations at McGill, and strange as it may seem is perhaps also the one about which we know least. The reason of this is that, with the exception of the Meds. and students residing in Montreal, very few of the men are here during the Cricket season. As a result some years ago the teams were composed

almost entirely of graduates and city men. The last two years, however, have seen a change in this respect, student representation being very much in evidence in the past season, the appointment of an energetic Secretary from the student body being largely responsible for this. The record established by the Club last summer is certainly an enviable one, and proved conclusively that we have the best cricket team in Canada. If there had been any doubt on this point, the trip through Ontario served to dispel it, for in five matches our team defeated the best teams of Western Ontario, not losing a game.

Following the Dinner of the Cricket Club comes that of the Faculty of Medicine, which is to be held in the Windsor Hall on the 14th of this month. This Dinner promises fair to eclipse all previous affairs of like nature, and it is to be hoped that the men will turn out in full strength, from Freshmen to Seniors, to make it a success.

After the Christmas vacation the R.V.C. and

the Faculty of Arts will combine in holding a Conversat in the building of the former. This function also bids fair to be most successful, judging from the favourable reports of the committees now at work. We understand that

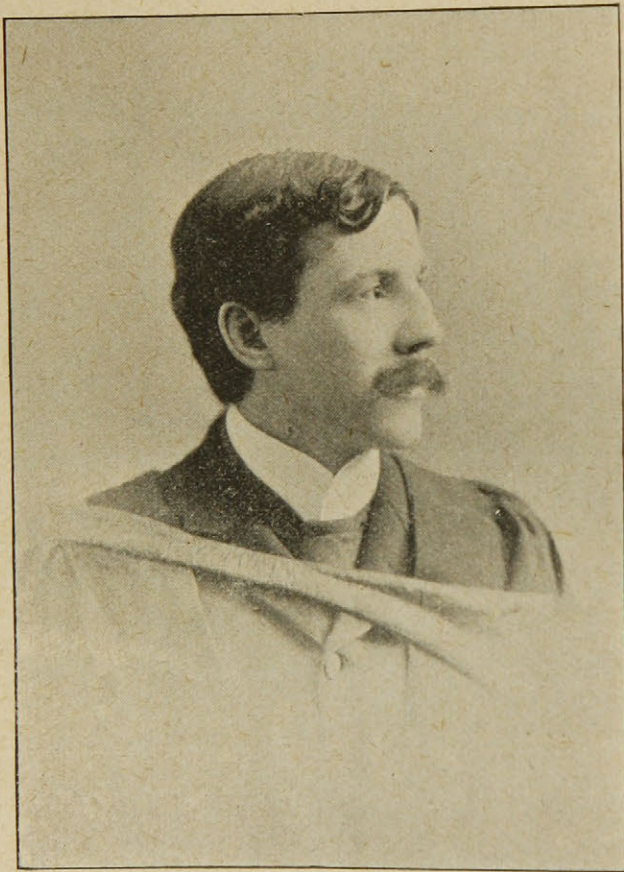
the 18th of January is to be the date. Then comes the Science Dance probably two or three weeks later. Altogether McGill men have little cause to complain about the social side of undergraduate life being neglected.

Contributions.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

A. H. GRACE, B.A.

Mr. Grace hardly needs any introduction to the students of McGill. Many of those at present in the University rank him among their closest friends,



and others who have not had the fortune to know him personally have yet heard of him in one connection or another.

We do not exaggerate when we say that it has been the lot of very few men to enjoy the unbounded popularity which fell to the lot of Mr. Grace during his college career.

Though a Montreal boy, McGill was not his first Alma Mater. Before entering our halls he had

already completed a course in the Reformed Episcopal Seminary, Philadelphia.

It was at this time that his attention was first seriously turned to missionary work, and he formed the purpose of devoting his life to the extension of Christ's Kingdom among men. It was also here that he entered into a friendship with Dr. Chas. Cook, of Med. 1900, which has become ever closer as the years have passed by. Dr. Cook has gone with Mr. Grace to carry on medical work at Lailitpua, near Allahabad, India.

On coming to McGill Mr. Grace joined the class of '98 and almost immediately became one of its most prominent and respected members. His genial and kindly way won him friends far and wide in his second Alma Mater. It is outside the scope of this sketch to trace Mr. Grace's college career in detail. Suffice it to say that not only did he take a good position in his class studies, but in the sphere of athletics and social life he was also a distinguished figure. That this was the case is easily testified to by his positions in one college year, when he held the following offices: Captain of the First XV, Captain of the Cricket Club, President of his year, Secretary of the College of Y.M.C.A. and President of Montreal Missionary Volunteer Union. On graduation in '98 Mr. Grace took up work for a time as assistant pastor of a prominent church of his denomination in Cleveland, Ohio. In the early part of the present year he was appointed by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association as their representative in Allahabad, India. He sailed for his distant field early in October, to enter upon his great work as soon as possible.

What this will be may perhaps be best gathered from these words in a recent letter from Mr. John R. Mott, the International College Association Secretary. "Mr. Grace has been appointed by the International Committee to represent them as General Secretary of all the Association work which may be developed in the city of Allahabad, India. There is already a society of Y.M.C.A. there. He will naturally take charge of this. There are several colleges in the city; I believe that one of them has an association in it. He will have direction of this also. There are other colleges in which he will doubtless soon succeed in planting associations. His

work therefore will correspond to that of Mr. Budge in Montreal and the Secretary of the McGill Association. Moreover, it is hoped that he may have time to visit some of the other cities of the Northwest Provinces, such as Lucknow, Cawnpore, Ayra, etc., with special reference to organizing associations in their colleges. In a word then his work is to plant and develop Young Men's Christian Associations. Two or three of these associations will be among English young men, but the great majority of them will be among Indian young men. Allahabad is one of the five Indian University centres. This makes it a field of very great importance. Allahabad is the capital of the Northwest Provinces and Oudle, which had a population in 1891 of nearly forty-seven millions. Thus the work of Mr. Grace will sustain a vital relation to a vast number of people, a number sufficient to make a great nation in itself.

This work among the young men of India has assumed the greatest proportions during the last few years in Christian circles. The immensity of the field is almost discouraging.

In the ten years ending 1891, 41,467 students passed the entrance examinations of whom a considerable number continued to the B.A. degree. There are five great University centres in India, each having twenty or more affiliated colleges. In Calcutta alone over 10,000 students are annually examined, a fact which well entitles it to be termed "the greatest student centre of Asia" if not the world.

It is to the student class that India looks for her leaders. Their influence is felt in every sphere of her life, educational, political, religious. It was Mr. Mott who clearly demonstrated in his work, "Strategic Points," that the great centres of Indian life were her universities, and that, if these could be permeated with Christianity the evangelization of India would very soon follow. They form the fountain heads of the nation's life, and he who can affect the stream at its source will exert an influence telling even in the most remote corners of the land.

The present religious life of the great Hindoo people is at a low ebb. They are fast losing all faith in the religion of their ancestors and are reaching out after a truth, which seems to elude them. Many, unwilling even to make this effort, are drifting into a dreary fatalism or agnosticism which can only have a most disastrous effect upon the national life as well as the future of the individual. India is looking for a new faith. The time is one of unexampled opportunity to Christianity.

Into this land Mr. Grace has gone to spread a knowledge of the truth. He has gone forth to carry light to a land at present in darkness and shadow. Surely, as men of McGill, our keenest sympathy should be with one of our number who has left his old home-land in order to do such great and noble work for his fellow-men. Are there not others in our loved Alma Mater who will hear this pathetic cry—the cry of a discouraged perishing humanity—and hearing obey, as Arch. Grace has.

E. C. W.

THE SCOTCH AT DARIEN.

Ever since the time of Columbus, popular fancy on the eastern side of the Atlantic loved to regard the western world as a chapter from the Arabian Nights come true as a land where the hardy adventurer might encounter perils surpassing those of Sinbad, and reap rewards as rich as his. In that mysterious land to the westward were fountains of youth and rivers of wine, and best of all the golden root of every evil had developed gloriously there. At the mere mention of the Spanish main delightful visions rose before men's minds; visions of tall Spanish ships freighted with gold and jewels, visions of grand old forests, fragrant with spices and laden with fruit. There was not an adventurous spirit in England but sighed to visit that land, even at the risk of meeting a fearful fate. There was not a timid man who did not envy the adventurers' return, though he shuddered at their well-told tales. As time went on and adventurers returned often richer in experience than in gold, the illusion ceased to be so fantastic, yet none the less the Indies and the Spanish main were words to conjure by. Men grew to think that if they could only get an interest in some American adventure their fortune was assured. Their ability, however, was restricted. If those two great monopolies, the East Indian and African Companies, were at swords' points on every other question, in this they were most cordially at one—they both believed in crushing the free-trader.

The free-trader, however, objected—seriously objected to being crushed. It was most tantalizing. A fortune awaited him if he could but run his ships to America or to the East. The Company with its royal monopoly alone stood in the way. The merchants resolved to find a means of gaining riches for themselves and humbling their enemy. This means they found in Scotland, and it was William Paterson who saw the way. Scotland was a sovereign realm, and as such could create her own companies and confer on them sovereign privileges—nothing could be more simple—they would form a Scottish Company, of which the shares would be half English and half Scotch, and would trade with that rich land across the sea despite the Company and its royal charter. Such was the origin of the Darien Company, its true name was, "The Company trading to Africa and to the East," and Paterson was its life and soul. While the plan was yet ripening in his brain, Paterson fell in with a man after his own heart—one Fletcher, of Saltoun. Fletcher belonged to that honoured class of fanatics who are known as patriots. He lived for Scotland and longed for Scotland's greatness, and in the scheme of Paterson he said his dream was fulfilled.

There is nothing which so convinces a man as to hear his own argument coming from another's lips. It was Paterson who convinced Fletcher, but it was Fletcher who convinced Paterson. Before a man can successfully delude others, he is forced to first delude himself. This feat Paterson had accomplished; he now had before him only the lesser task of persuading his fellow-countrymen. In truth, he was well fitted for the task before him—he was no mere visionary—no petty adventurer. A little man

could not have done so much harm as he. The smallest of all small things is a small man, and the good or evil such a man can do is insignificant. Paterson was a man of different fibre. He demands our respect even in failure, and is in no small way a hero to the last. A dull man cannot utterly deceive a nation—no fool can bring his country to her knees.

Paterson first essayed his eloquence against Tweeddale, an old acquaintance of Fletcher. The old politician was not proof against the skill and energy of his assailant, and was easily persuaded to join the friends—next came the parliament. The state of the members was not a tranquil one. Some Macdonalds had been killed, and, as one of the survivors metaphorically remarked, their blood was crying from the ground.

Parliament was roused and came prepared to supplement the eloquence of the Macdonald gore by crying from their benches.

It was an angry body of men that Paterson faced, and his task was a delicate one indeed. But the attractive nature of his subject, combined with his persuasive eloquence, carried the day.

The members had intended to oppose every motion until justice was satisfied. The first question which they were called upon to decide was whether they should individually and as a nation become wealthy. They loved justice, but they were Scotch, and their anger vanished like smoke. Even the Macdonald gore, true to the hearts from which it flowed, ceased calling from the ground. It was, indeed, a fascinating tale they listened to that day. Scotland was poor and rugged, the soil was not fertile, the climate was not celestial, but Tyre had been built upon the naked rock, and Amsterdam had risen from the marsh, each by some bold stroke—now Scotland's turn had come, by one bold stroke she would rise on high and be transformed from a small barren impoverished state to the richest and most influential country in Europe. Instead of saying "rich as Croesus," men would come to say "rich as a Scotchman." In times gone by the phrase "I am a Roman citizen" would carry one around the world, but in the years ahead the magic phrase would come to be "I am a Scotchman." But how was this to come to pass. Here Paterson surpassed himself. Far on the other side of the Atlantic he told them there was a narrow strip of land joining two continents. There was one point where the two seas lay but a stone's throw apart, while the land between was an Eden of delight. The land was high and healthy, the soil was black and rich. Nothing would be easier than to construct roads across, and if this were done the commerce of the world would take that route. No more braving Arctic and Antarctic galls. The ships would have a happy voyage over summer seas—a little taste of paradise at Darien, and then would cross the broad Pacific to the East.

Paterson modestly described his proposed colony as the key of the universe, and stated that whoever held it would rule the world. In future it would be from Scotland that all the finest silks and jewels would come. Scotland would deal in coffee and sugar, in fruit and spices. Vast riches every day would pass through the little isthmus kingdom, and from them all the canny Scotch would take a toll and

so they would grow rich and prosperous. Edinburgh would equal—more—would surpass London. The banks of the Clyde and Forth would be lined with pleasant villas, and everything that boundless wealth could buy would be employed in making Scotland beautiful. Small wonder that the Scotchmen's jaws slowly dropped as they listened. Small wonder that they forgot the spilt Macdonald blood. Small wonder that their anger thawed beneath the tropic vision. Before each man's eyes there rose a picture of the Promised Land, flowing with a richer wealth than milk and honey bring. And each imagined himself engaged in the pleasurable pastime of laying up treasures in an earthly heaven.

What more *could* they ask? There was not a Scotchman present whose eyes did not grow brighter. There was not a Mac there who could suggest an improvement.

It seems marvellous to us looking back with our fuller knowledge that any one should have been deceived by such a tale—aluring though it was. We must remember, however, that Paterson was thought to speak from experience, for rumour said that he had visited Darien, and some maintained that it was in the capacity of a buccaneer. A moment's thought will show how wild his vision was. Had the Scottish parliament stopped to think it might have wondered why Spain had left that key of the universe so long unoccupied. An earthly paradise bringing unbounded wealth, and, in the midst of her possessions, was a jewel which Spain would not be likely to pass by, and the fact that Spain abandoned it should have set the Scotch upon their guard.

And then again although Spain did not happen to have a colony at Darien, it was no sign that she did not lay claim to the land. She had a colony on either side, and few could doubt that she would resent the occupation of the land between. Spain was morbidly jealous for her western colonies, and in the past had not displayed a leniency or lack of zeal in their defence. To seize Darien meant practically a war with Spain, and in this war the Scotch had neither right nor cannon on their side. We must add to this the fact that the climate of Darien far from being salubrious is most pestilential. It almost seems as if the continent as it contracts toward the south still retains all the diseases which extended over the broader northern part, until at last in Panama we find the very essence of disease. If Darien was paradise at all it was paradise for microbes. But the Scotch did not know this, and hailed the project with delight. The English share of the stock was quickly bought up. Then the first check was felt. It was plain that Scotland unaided could not defend her colony. It was equally clear that no continental power would aid her. To England, and England alone, she could look for help. Very naturally the English politicians cast about to see what they would gain by thus lending their aid. They found with growing alarm that they would gain nothing, but would lose much. Scotland asked England's aid in behalf of a scheme which, if successful, would ruin her commerce. That was too much—lords and common united in opposing the plan. If the Scotch drew William into a quarrel, England from regard to her own dignity must support him in it. Pater-

son's scheme was simply this—that England should pay millions in defence of his company, and then he plundered off twice as many millions by that company's prosperity—small wonder that the clamor of London was wild and menacing. Englishmen have a natural antipathy to being defrauded. They have a morbid hatred of being defrauded by Scotchmen. So universal was the cry of disapproval that those who had taken stock were forced to give it up. Scotland had stipulated that she should at least have half; now she had it all. This first reverse should have been enough to warn the Scotch, but it was not. The English stock was bought up eagerly. But Scotland was a poor country, and could not afford it all. The stock which was left the company endeavoured to dispose of on the continent. Scotland's future was brilliant, indeed, in the spring of 1699. Her wealth was drained—she had against her every European state. She was on the verge of war with Spain, and had neither army nor navy to protect her—her colony was in a mangrove swamp, and, worst of all, she could see nothing but prosperity ahead. 'Tis where the thistle thrives in rugged soil. For the time being all seemed well—it was impossible to find room for the persons desirous of emigrating. Money poured faster than ever into the treasury of the company, and Paterson's hopes ran high. His cargo, it is true, was not an ideal one considering the nature of his errand. There were innumerable slippers in the hold—a useful form of foot-gear in which to brave a tropical marsh. There were 4,000 periwigs on board—an article of dress calculated to be both cool and comfortable at Darien, and of vast service in the jungle. There were also thick woolen shirts and socks which, though most desirable possessions in the Highlands, were found to be a trifle superfluous at the equator. Owing to a misunderstanding, the supreme command was not given to Paterson, but was entrusted to a council of seven. That damped his ardor little. Flushed with pride and hope he accompanied the expedition, and not only he, but his beautiful wife as well.

On the morning of the 25th of July the ships set sail, and multitudes came down to see them leave the Forth. It was a dark and foggy morning, but when they gained the sea a breeze came up and rolled the fog back toward the land. The sun shone brightly on the ships and to their friends upon the shore it seemed as if they passed from darkness into light, and the good omen was hailed with joy. But, like a dream, the opposite was what befell, and from the sunshine of their golden hopes they sailed into the lowering clouds of grim reality of pestilence of ruin and of death. After a long voyage they reached their destination, and the eager Scotchmen hung over the sides of the vessels, admiring the land they had come to possess. The daylight faded into night, and still they watched, building golden castles in the air or thinking of the friends at home—till from the paradise for which they risked their all there came across the sea—the first celestial messenger—the Panama mosquito.

The next morning they received a visit from the greatest potentate of that land—he wore a red coat, cotton drawers, and what had once been a hat. His courtiers, twelve in number, could not boast

such royal garb as he displayed—but came into the cabins of the ships in the same state in which they came into the world. The Scotch gave him a new hat, and, promising eternal friendship, he departed.

The ships lay off a small peninsula about three miles long. The Scotchmen landed and were well pleased with what they saw. They set to work at once. The peninsula was terminated by a low promontory which could be converted into an island by digging a trench. This they proceeded to do, and on the ground thus separated they built a fort. So rose the first building in New Edinburgh—the key of the universe. For the first week it seemed as if the hopes of the most sanguine would be fulfilled—the climate was all that could be desired. They did not know the ponderous preparations Spain was making to dislodge them—and happy in the calm before the storm they failed to note that foes of every sort were closing in upon them. The Spanish colonies in America were wild with indignation, and, in truth, they had some reason. Piracy along the Spanish main had long been the favourite sport of daring Englishmen, and the Spaniards still retained a vivid recollection of Morgan and his "lambs." True, the Darien company was armed with an act of parliament—true, they protested that they wished for nothing so much as peace. True, they affirmed they had come to convert the savages and pointed to the store of English Bibles they had brought as proof. The fact remained that they had squatted upon Spanish territory, nor did their peaceful protestations lessen the Spaniard's suspicion. Often before pirates had preyed upon their commerce—armed with acts of parliament and clothed in robes of peace. Pirates in the past had paraded their peaceful intentions that their prey might be more easy, and, more than that, those very savages—the Scotchmen's friends had aided Morgan, whose piratical character even the most prejudiced could not deny. Who then can blame the Spaniards for seizing one of the company's ships, and casting her crew into chains or for treating the Scottish ambassadors with contempt?

But the council of Caledonia did blame them, and the inevitable war began. It would be monotonous to relate in detail the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the little colony. How the rainy season came, and with it the malaria. How men died daily, while those who still remained were scarce the phantoms of their former selves. How hunger added its horrors to the rest and men grew to regard a turtle as a delicacy beyond compare, and fought for Yams and plantains. A sort of worm burrowed in their ships and made them leak. Another insect showed an incorrigible propensity for burying itself in their flesh and had to be cut out with knives. Yellow, lean and feeble, they were scarce able to bury their dead, much less to build a city. For them Darien was the key—not of the universe, but of the grave. Paterson buried his wife and all his fairest hopes, and yet his spirit was unbroken—he urged his fellow adventurers to remain. In the month of November, 1699, one might have seen a little body of men preparing to embark at Darien. On some the fever had already laid its deadly hold and set their limbs to shaking. On other's faces despair

and savage ferocity were plainly written. In their midst on a rough pallet lay a man too weak to raise his head—a man whom his companions cursed and mocked and bitterly reviled—who begged to be left behind and pleaded with those around him to remain and not desert the task which they had once begun, but who was met with taunts and roughly told to hold his peace, who tried to speak again, but broke into tears and could say nothing. That man was Paterson—his heart was broken—he had lost all that was dear to him. His eloquence and strength of mind were gone. How different every thing was from that July day when he had sailed from the mouth of the Forth—the idol of a nation. Then health and happiness were his; the future simply sparkled with prosperity, and in the whole of Scotland's realm, a man could not be found whose fortune seemed so fair. But now the scene was changed. How had the mighty fallen! The idol of a year before was spurned and cast aside, despised and hated by its worshippers; a wreck in health, in hope and fortune, he had lost all that was dear on earth, and as he left his paradise behind he seemed to have become half madman and half child. How had the mighty fallen! For such changes in human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate.

Of the 250 persons who left the colony, 100 fed the sharks before they sighted Sandy Hook. The colonials were not in a mood to receive the wanderers with open arms—for Englishmen looked upon the enterprise with scarcely less dislike than Spaniards, but their condition was so pitiful that they were allowed to land and cared for in their misery. A deserted colony at Darien—a handful of ruined men in the New England States, a nation smiling at the bubble bursting in its face. Then the curtain drops, and we await till it shall rise on the next scene of this brief tragedy.

While New Edinburgh was varying the sad monotony of constant funerals by expeditions after food, old Edinburgh, labouring under the delusion that the colony was thriving marvellously, was fitting out a second fleet. But letters from Jamaica brought strange news. They said the colony had disappeared. The Scotchmen said they lied. On the 5th of Oct. all was known—a few wretched men, the sole survivors of the colony, had sailed into the Hudson. The grief of the Scotch was great, but their rage was greater, and they railed at the white-livered deserters who, without cause, had basely left the gates of Eden and had brought dishonor on the Scottish name.

Let us now follow the fortunes of the four ships which composed the fleet. They reached Darien expecting a flourishing town and a cordial welcome. They found a thriving jungle inhabited by monkeys. This was not encouraging; however, they set to work. They were in a worse plight than those who had gone before. They had come not to plant a colony, but to recruit one already planted and lacked many necessities. There were too many elements of discord among them, and not the least of these was the presence of three Scottish divines. They, if one may use so bold a simile, were ecclesiastical cow-boys, whose business was to "round up" sinners. The more roughly this was done the more laudable was

the achievement. Their plan of action was to tire the sinner out, and in this way they hoped to hound him into Heaven. The men, exasperated by these and numerous other annoyances, grew quarrelsome. Fearing the unhealthy climate of the land, they spent most of their time aboard ship, and their condition became worse than their predecessors had been. In the meantime, the massive preparations of the Spaniards were completed, and they closed in upon the colony. News of their approach reached the ears of the Scotch, who determined to assume the offensive. Making their way through the almost impassible jungles of that country, they at length reached the Spanish encampment. As they stood on its outskirts, straining their eyes in the faint morning light to make out its extent, some one asked how many Spaniards there were. The answer was characteristic of the men "Let's attack and see." They attacked but never saw, for the Spaniards took to their heels. Highly elated, the Scotch returned to their ships to find that the harbour was blockaded. They were outnumbered about 30 to 1. What were they to do? Their commander saw no cause for hesitation. The Spaniards were there, and they were there. All the necessary conditions were fulfilled. The thing to do in such a case was to attack. Had there been nothing to attack, there might have been some reason to complain; as it was, the thing was manifest—the only question was, who had they better attack first? It was suggested that the Spaniards had rather the advantage in numbers. The retort was that they were Spaniards. There were few, however, who held the foe in such utter contempt. These, seeing that the rest were determined to surrender, resolved to escape. This they did.

The next day the fort surrendered, and Scotchmen loved to tell how those cowards, who thought they could not fight some threescore Spaniards each, all perished miserably, and that not one set foot on Scottish soil again. So ended Scotland's first and last colony. But, although the colony was dead, the troubles which it brought in its train were not. Scotland felt that England had basely deserted her in her time of need, and, irritated to desperation by her failure and poverty, she seemed to vacillate between union and war. But the Darien Company, if it had kindled the fire, had also used the fuel. The spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. Scotland lacked the sinews of war. To give a detailed account of the debates and quarrels and mutual mistakes which ensued would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that at length the union between England and Scotland was effected.

The Company of Darien, although it had drained her wealth and almost plunged her into war, had yet achieved for Scotland the greatest boon that she has probably enjoyed in all her history, for, as a nation, she has prospered ever since.

And so upon this page of earth's long history we find—as we shall hope to find on every other page—that what may seem misfortunes in the end turn out the greatest goods and that from what seem the greatest evils the greatest blessings spring.

H.S.W.

Athletics.

(From the *Yale Alumni* on the Harvard-Yale game.)

TO THE ONE-YARD LINE.

When the Harvard thousands realized what Yale was doing, they sprang to their feet, calling to their men to "hold 'em." But there was no stopping the Yale attack. It was the most perfectly concentrated football power that oldest football observers remember to have seen. Bloomer and Chadwick went outside of tackle for four and three yards respectively, and the play was at Harvard's 25-yard line. Then Hale took seven yards in two plays at Harvard's left tackle and Chadwick stole three more near Hallowell. This brought the line up to Harvard's twelve yard line, and then Bloomer went through the center for 2 yards. Sharpe carried the ball in the next play and ten other Yale men carried Sharpe, and the end of the journey was four feet from Harvard's line. Yale cheerers were ready to start the song whose last line runs: "What ho! Yale scores," but it was too soon. Sharpe went into the line for the next play, but he didn't take the ball with him. It seemed to bound from his knees. Hallowell was on it at the four-yard line.

DOING IT OVER AGAIN.

The cheer that rolled up from the Harvard stands might have been heard for miles, but the touch-down was only slightly delayed. Ellis punted out from behind his goal line, the ball rolling out of bounds at Harvard's 22-yard line. Then Yale was at it again, guard and tackle, right and left. Hale, Sharpe, Bloomer several times, and Sharpe again twice, and the ball lay one yard from the goal line. This time there was no fumble, and for the first time in six years Yale crossed Harvard's goal-line. The time was twenty-one and a half minutes after two of this same Saturday afternoon. Anyone knows or doesn't know how ten or fifteen thousand Yale people acted, and Harvard cheered her eleven as though they had scored. Hale's goal made the score Yale 6 and Harvard 0.

FINCKE'S 68-YARD RUN.

It was bitter to Yale to surrender the ball, but after all it was the occasion of the great play of the day. Without a try at Yale's line, Sawin lifted the ball on a high kick. Gould in attempting to take it on Yale's 45-yard line, and near the West side, was run into by a Yale man, and the ball bounced from his arms directly in the path of Fincke, who was waiting by his side to start the interference. The quick quarter saw his chance and tore down near the line. As usual, he had his top speed before he had gone four steps. He dodged Kendall and Ellis unaided, and reached an open space beyond, which was a bunch of Harvard men converging on him. A quick turn to the right eluded them all but Sawin, who, half diving and half falling, tackled him with one hand around the waist. Fincke swung himself free, but most of his headway was gone. The rush of the Harvard forwards was so fierce, however,

that most of them overran, and, before they could recover, the whole Yale eleven, having instantly sensed the play and followed it, swung around, as on a pivot, between Fincke and his pursuers, and closed about him like a great wing, in front of which he moved in safety and crossed the goal line. The combination of the speed and quick dodging of the individual runner with the interference, instantly adapted and swiftly shifted, made it a play to become memorable in football. It recalls Thorne's 50-yard run at New York in the Ninety-Five Princeton game. That was from a line-up, and it was something of the same kind of dodging and speed as Fincke's on Saturday, which threw the whole line of Princeton forwards off their track, and a few years before that against Princeton.

"Laurie Bliss took the ball on a criss-cross
While Heft interfered like a whale
And they landed a sixty-yard touch down
Right under the goal post for Yale."

THE NEXT UNEXPECTED CHAPTER.

The score was now 17 to 0. Sharpe made a pretty run to the 24-yard line from the next kick-off, and Chadwick slipped outside of Harvard's left tackle for six yards. Hallowell stopped Sharpe for a yard loss; Chadwick took another six yards and Sharpe punted out of bounds at Harvard's 50-yard line. Two tries yielded nothing around the ends, and Alfred Stillman, a brother of Yale tackle, who had replaced Ellis, kicked. Fincke started his rushing machine once more, and had covered 15 yards, when at Yale's 40-yard line, a fumble gave the ball to Harvard on Yale's 32-yard line. It was the long-looked-for chance, and the Harvard stands rose, while the cheers rolled up unceasingly.

"Touch-down," "touch-down," was the cry. This was the time if ever. To freshen things, Greydon was sent to the Harvard line to replace Eaton. When the pass was made the interference formed with wonderful rapidity and was off, but before Sawin could fairly get his speed Stillman struck him around the waist. Up went the ball in the air for a pass to some one who was free to run, but the ball never reached that some one. No one could be reasonably expected to pass a ball straight, who was at the same time being tackled by Stillman, so it was not strange that it struck the hand of Captain Brown in its flight, and it was not strange that Coy was just outside of the line of scrimmage, where he should have been, when it struck the ground in front of him. Before Harvard realized it, he was five yards away with a clear field. Hallowell saw him first and gave chase, but Gould, with consummate skill, ran just in front of the Harvard man, blocking him off till Coy had crossed the goal line. Yale's cup was running over. While Hale kicked the goal and made the score 23, Coy and his Captain walked down the field in each other's arms quite oblivious of the frenzy of the thousands about them.

THE HARVARD VIEW OF IT.

(Harvard Crimson Editorial.)

On Saturday Yale defeated Harvard by an overwhelming score. The superiority of the Yale team must be acknowledged.

The spirit of the cheering which came from the Harvard stands at the field, louder at the end of the game than it had been at the beginning, is the spirit of the University to-day. The disappointment and discouragement of the game brought out stronger support for the team, and had added to our determination to work until victory comes. The men who played Harvard's part in the game deserve the support and thanks of the University, because from first to last they did their very best.

The following extracts are taken from the Queen's and Varsity accounts of the season's football:

Time and time and again the ball flew past McGill's posts, but Caldwell and McNee were with it every time, and, with eleven points to the good, did all kinds of impossible plays. One would have thought Caldwell was an acrobat imported for the occasion, for he kicked the ball from every conceivable position except standing on his hands.—*Queens*.

Saturday's game, considering the conditions under which it was played, was one of the best ever seen in Toronto. Both teams played with a snap that made the game a splendid one to watch, and the last few minutes were occupied by the hardest playing that has been seen for some time. Varsity kept McGill

on the defensive during most of the game, but at the last the visitors made a desperate effort to score, because to them one try practically meant the championship.—*Varsity*.

McGill won in the first place by her scrimmage and inner line work, and, secondly, on throw-ins. Queen's moved about the first half like little wooden soldiers—*moral*, don't send a team travelling the same day on which they play—during this time McGill held the ball nearly continuously, generally scrimmaging and getting it back to the halves before Queen's had formed up. When the halves couldn't get away with it, or felt themselves closely pressed, they kicked into touch, quite certain that their "sky-scrapers" would seize it on the thrown in. They guessed right nine times out of ten. Capt. Kenny then held the ball, and massing the superior weight of his centre shoved down the field yard by yard until they rolled over for a try which Molson converted to six points. Queen's fought every foot of ground stubbornly, but they were unable to steal the ball, and that was their only chance of stopping McGill's centre from gaining ground.—*Queen's*.

If we look for causes for the above result, we may remark generally that the team was very tired after the four hours on board the train; that full practices were not held last week; perhaps that the men were inclined to look for an easy game after the 16-2 score, particularly that McGill were in good shape, outplayed us at centre, and most of the time used better generalship than before, and that Queen's persistently tried combination work and passing under the most impossible circumstances.—*Queen's*.

Societies.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY.

Last Friday a fair sized audience held the last meeting of the Society before Christmas.

Gustave Dutand, Arts '03, related in a most amusing monologue the *mésaventures* of a Frenchman in Quebec. He was followed by W. S. Johnson, Arts '03, who read an essay entitled "Poetic Insights," illustrated by many quotations from Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Next came the debate: "Resolved,—That the city of Montreal should own and control its Street Railway system."

The affirmative was supported by Chs. Cotton, B.A., Law '02, and John Archibald, Arts '04; the negative, by Geo. Irving, Arts '02, and O. B. McCallum, Arts '04.

The affirmative, by tracing historically the social development of patriarchy into individualism, endeavoured to prove that the municipality should control public enterprises, and, as an instance of this, cited the city of Glasgow. It was held that in Montreal, where the Street Railway gave often a poor service and gathered in enormous profits, the results of municipal ownership would be an improved

car service, a responsible body of officials, and a general reduction of taxation.

The negative compared Street Railways of the American continent with those of Europe, and came to the conclusion that in every case—even in Glasgow—where the city fathers owned the street cars, conservatism, lack of energy, fear of private enterprise, short-sightedness and red tape prevented these from being pushed on successfully. In the present instance, the city, in order to buy up the franchise, would have to raise an immense loan which would plunge the city still deeper in debt. And then, when once they did get the railway, our aldermen, famed the world over for their boodling propensities, would look more after their own interests and those of their nephews and cousins than those of the citizens.

Having duly weighed in their minds the arguments pro and con, the meeting awarded its decision to the negative.

Dean Walton, in his office of critic, among other suggestions advised debaters to make as little use of notes as possible. The Dean also gave valuable information about the Glasgow municipality, which had been referred to several times by the speakers.

The meeting then adjourned to January 11, 1901.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, the President, Dr. Baker, occupying the chair. There were also present a large attendance of members. After roll-call the minutes of the last meeting were read, and adopted as correct. The President then called on Mr. Rork for a case report from Dr. Smith, who graduated from this University last year, and is at present practising in South Dakota. The report was one of an operation of "Laparotomy." This operation was performed on an old case of Abdominal Hernia which had been ruptured. The operation was successful; the Hernia being reduced, the animal thoroughly recovered. The operation is a serious one, and Dr. Smith is to be congratulated on his success. It was then moved and seconded that a hearty vote of thanks be conveyed to Dr. Smith for his kindness in sending a report of such value to the Association, which was carried unanimously. Mr. Kennedy was then called on for his essay on Tuberculosis. The essayist

started by giving a brief history of the origin of Tuberculosis, then following with the different ways of testing cattle, and precautions which should be taken to prevent the spread of this disease to other animals as well as to man himself. Mr. Kennedy showed by his paper that he had given the subject much careful study. After the reading the essay was open to discussion, which resulted in bringing out much valuable information. Dr. Sugden, one of the Government inspectors, then followed with a few remarks dealing with the prevention, rather than the cure, of this dreaded and much-talked-of disease. The President, Dr. Baker, then brought the meeting to a close by making a few general remarks on Tuberculosis. At the next meeting Mr. Manchester will read an essay on Actinomyces, and Mr. Tamblin will report a case.

The regular meeting of the Y.M.C.A. was held on Wednesday 22nd in the Common Room. The meeting was conducted by Miss Gairdner, who gave a helpful address on the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

Class Reports.

DONALDA.

1903.

The startling declaration made in the French Room on Thursday evening was the cause of general bewilderment. Nevertheless, "*c'est très facile à comprendre.*"

Two highly successful meetings of the E Δ A have already been held. It is felt by all that the founding of this Society, likely to wield so powerful an influence on the future of the R. V. C. and the entire Dominion, makes an epoch in our history as a College.

1904.

We regret very much the loss of two of our number, but hope to see them again next session. Miss White, on account of ill-health, is leaving on Monday for her home in Woodstock. If her health is sufficiently restored she will return after Christmas.

We have been looking forward to Miss Griffin's return for some time, but are very sorry to learn that she also will be unable to return until after the Christmas vacation.

SCIENCE.

1901.

If Mr. King's description of a "right of way agent" be correct, he may perhaps be appropriately termed a "road agent."

The Civils of the Third and Fourth Years are very much indebted to Messrs. Beullac and Mattice for a pleasant afternoon spent last week in inspecting the Dominion Bridge works at Lachine. The weather was very disagreeable, and two of the men

were lost in the works, but all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Dr. Porter's lecture of last Friday night was thoroughly enjoyed by the Fourth Year Miners.

Did you see the Freshies get away with the cake?

1902.

Our First Class exam. in Theory came upon us as a great surprise. One day when we had assembled in the Class-room at the usual hour for the lecture in Theory, we were told to leave our note-books on the desk and answer four of the questions written on the board. At first we thought we could do nothing, then we began to try some of the easiest problems, and, when the exam. was over, we found that it was not so very bad after all. Nearly every one got along fairly well, except the man that writes shorthand, who, it was announced, did absolutely nothing.

Some of our fellows, including the poet laureate, were up in the drawing-room the day of the supper downstairs, when Mc - g came in and said that the Dean had invited him in to supper. "Whom did he mistake you for?" asked the poet, who is sometimes very good at repartee, and this time the laugh was on Mc - g.

1903.

We beg to apologize to the H. A. S.'s, and, as a second guess, would say the P. of the L. S.

A goodly representation of the miners turned out to the Mining Society Meeting on Friday evening. Dr. Porter's lecture was very entertaining, but the dinky little platforms of the man-engine did not look very inviting. John considers that he is handicapped over men of Chas.' stature in underground work.

At the after-meeting honours were about even. Cooper shewed his early church social training.

Every fellow should assist the Reporter to fill this space. Here are some of the last suggestions received: "I wish you would tell Roberts and Baker that that game of turning the lights out is played out, even in the nursery. And we get few enough clean towels, so we can't afford to use those few to soak in water, or mop the floor with."

"Say," said the next man (it's odd how Denne will persist in calling a chap "say" when he really knows his name), "did you see Mac. get called yesterday? He trundled into the drawing-room, numbling, 'Good morning, Mr. Policeman,' when he was looked at in a quiet tone of voice and informed that there were others in the room." "I beg your pardon, sir," said the would-be minstrel, "I thought you were a Student." It is not true that Mac. has sent around a type-written apology.

Rather hard on the innocent Electricals that they were marked absent on Tuesday. They might delegate some obliging mechanical to chase over the building examining door-knobs.

Yes, Gillies, this is a free country, and you do not have to work on Saturday afternoons unless you wish.

Wanted.—A supply of fresh air in the cloak-room.

A third suggestion was that some one shake up the reading-room representative; that he have the reading-room resemble in a lesser degree the waste yard of a pulp mill.

The last number of the OUTLOOK seemed to lack something. It had not its usual complete, finished, perfect appearance. What was missing were those gems of scintillating wit and humor that flow so readily from the facile pen of the Reporter of Sci. '04. Buck up, Freshie. Surely your Year isn't ashamed of itself for having treated one of its members so disgracefully, because he greeted his fellow-townsmen from a far country somewhat cordially.

On two occasions last week were we called up to face the "now look your prettiest" man. 'Steen dozen of the machine shop views have been ordered by Lambert, Harris & Co., who were in the bald-headed row.

It took one of our new men to think out the idea of receiving those dainty, blue-tinted missives at the Mining building. Is it that the letter-board there is free from curious eyes, or did they supply individual boards at Trinity?

The Infants have dispensed with the services of a chaperone, and have untied the apron strings. They now quiet down their unruly members by a visit to the tap.

A Sad Warning.—Much learning has affected the brains of our Scott Exhibition men. Hitherto they were worthy members of the Class, young men of exemplary habits. But now 'tis said they have become enamored of the frivolities of the world, and have taken to the dissipation of playing billiards.

1904.

The sympathy of every member of the Class has been aroused by the sudden bereavement which has befallen Mr. Lemaistre. In common with all who

heard the news of the St. Olaf's disaster, we deeply regretted the loss of her commander, and, when we learned that he was the father of a class-mate, our sympathy was intensified. The Class have un-animously expressed the wish that your correspondent assure Mr. Lemaistre of their sympathy. We appreciate fully the difficulty with which he comes back to the routine of work, after passing through such a tragedy, but, as he does so, he can rest assured that each of his fellows feels for him that respect and sympathy which so severe an affliction deserves.

MEDICINE.

1901.

All buck up for the Dinner. Tickets will be \$2.50 each. Buy them early and make the Dinner an assured success.

The largest crowd in the history of a regular Medical Society Meeting. Alcohol is a food.

The deep interest our Professors take in attending our meetings is much appreciated. Dr. Mills was a student last Friday. Dr. Blackadder came immediately from the train. Drs. Adami, Finley and Halcy were admirable judges, and their remarks were most interesting.

Charlie evidently has not forgotten the value of diagrams of a physiological nature.

Our Medical Representative goes to 'Varsity Dinner Wednesday night.

There is a good opportunity for some of our Class to continue here a year doing work under Dr. Halcy.

Little and Rogers attended the banquet of the Cricket Club.

Louis and Ruth. will be very busy next week entertaining delegates, and will extend McGill's hearty greeting to the visiting Meds.

We are to have the best dinner on record. The Dinner Committee, under a working President, have made arrangements on a splendid scale.

1902.

We are glad to report that two of our Classmates have been elected to posts of honour in the Hockey Club for this season: Billy Ness for president of the Club, and Co Carter for manager of the team.

A word of sympathy must be said for one of our number, who, after travelling night and day for a distance of nearly a thousand miles, arrived just two hours too late to poll his vote in the recent elections.

Remember, fellows, to call at Rice's as soon as possible, and "*smile and look pleasant*" under the trying ordeal.

Among the many sad losses resulting from the recent gales is that of Jimmy's moustache. Has any one found the pieces?

Pic—has been lying low while Wally has been in town.

1903.

The reporters of papers in the Physiology Class are winning golden opinions from Prof. Mills.

A better supply of scrubs would obviate the necessity of the blue streaks.

Little G. - - objects to the name of Freshman being applied to him. He contemplates giving the Seniors a special grinding class in Surgery.

A Senior requests that Pete get his hair cut *short*.

The President of the Freshmen declares that the photographer missed a "good thing."

The impromptu concert which took the place of the Histology lecture last week furnished a break enjoyable to all. Several of our members are splendid entertainers.

We trust that the Freshies will receive the reward which their reporter is striving after in his *championship* of their pet.

1904.

Class '04 held a meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 28 at 10 a.m.

J. C. Fyshe, B.A., was chosen to represent the Year at the coming Faculty Dinner.

H. O. Howitt was elected Hockey Captain.

Crowell, Gillis and Wotherspoon were appointed to arrange with a photographer for a Class photo, which was bravely taken on Friday during a heavy volley of "arms" from the windows of the dissecting room.

Many of our men are noted for excessive modesty. "Mr. President, I beg to withdraw my name."

SOME UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES.

The President attended a class meeting.

The minutes were read.

J. G. W. J. — spoke audibly at a Class meeting.

Noise by Second Year.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE.

I am very glad to be able to say that the students of Comparative Medicine had nothing whatever to do with the disgraceful proceedings in McGill last week.

The Third Year, a few days ago, having bought a very valuable horse for the sum of three dollars, and placed him in the hospital stable for safe keeping, found to their surprise on going out to exhibit him to one of the professors the animal was *non est*. After much anxiety and useless maledictions they gave up the search. Next morning the horse was found in his stall apparently none the worse for his nocturnal disappearance.

By the way, the Professor of Cynology states that Mr. H. - - - -ng - on is fully qualified to tell the *exact* age of any canine from infancy to decrepitude! (?)

ARTS.

1902.

Some important economic questions have been carefully studied of late. "The value of a pair of spectacles," and "the difference between an eagle and an owl" are topics of prime importance to any one interested in the study of Economics. In the Middle Ages the learned scholars made careful calculations which enabled them to answer the question: "how many devils can dance on the point of a needle," but a distinct advance has been made in modern times, and it is now possible to determine

the exact time (within a fraction of a second) when John Jones first saw Tom Toodle Dick.

We take great pleasure in announcing that the appearance of Prof. John Milton's book, on "The Advantage of 'Dr Bunco's Hair Restorer' in growing a Moustache," has been indefinitely postponed, owing to the near approach of examinations and the difficulty of handling such a delicate subject.

1903.

SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

(Continued.)

"*The Great American Makdoo*."—One of the best known animals in the neighbourhood of Montreal. It belongs to the Wahking Smoxtale species, in which are also included the *Muk-Mor-Ann*, the *Dughfys* and the *Water Jonsing*.

The Great American Makdoo is chiefly remarkable for its hair, which falls in long folds over its face, and for the fact that it has a large hole in the front of its head, in the spot where we would ordinarily expect to find its mouth. In fact, to quote from the celebrated Icelandic poet, "Ilsón Navrojk," "it has no teeth in the front of its face in the place where the teeth ought to grow." Its teeth are supposed to have been gradually worn away by the friction caused by a curious bit of hollow wood, which it always carries in its mouth, and with which it aids itself in the consumption of the "nicotina" plant, one of its chief articles of diet. In the fall of the year the Makdoo is seen at its best, and, although at all times a lazy animal, it now develops a certain amount of activity in the pursuit of the pigskin, which it relishes highly. Almost any afternoon at this season it may be seen rushing about the fields or tearing through the "scrub," with its forelock waving in the wind. In this occupation it is often accompanied by the Fawbes, which vainly endeavours to equal in speed and activity its more agile companion.

The Pownall.—A very quiet and apparently harmless and inoffensive creature of the Theologian species. It can be distinguished from the other members of this class by a fringe of hairs sprouting from its upper lip. The top of its head is also covered with a thick mat of curls.

Although generally very timid and retiring, there is one animal, the *Mak Ellyr*, the sight of which is to the Pownall as a red rag to a bull. At the appearance of this beast the Pownall is immediately excited to violent rage. Foaming at the mouth and with eyeballs bursting from their sockets, it makes a headlong rush for its enemy, and woe be it for the *Mak Ellyr* if it does not at once make itself scarce. Only once, say the Indians have the Pownall and the *Mak Ellyr* been seen in mortal combat by human eye, but tradition adds that he who saw them never again dared to approach the haunts of these fearful beasts.

1904.

This has been a peculiarly uneventful week. There are but few things to record. Lately a great nuisance has appeared in the Class. One of the members seems possessed of a wicked little spirit from below. It shows itself in the delight of torturing all people who come near it, even the most harmless ones. It

is not satisfied with simply irritating people from afar by its looks, but it needs must inflict bodily pain in a most dastardly and cowardly way. It crawls up behind a man and does its little job, then sneaks away leaving pain and misery behind. Its shriek of triumph is most galling to hear, while the diabolical expression of its face almost causes the D-T's. A remedy for this evil will soon be applied. It will get a most awful hiding. It will get ostracised as a public nuisance. Therefore, take warning, beware, obnoxious spirit of the dark!

LAW.

A SONG OF THE LAW STUDENT.

I.

The Legal Student's frame of mind
Is studious and wise;
He does not find his work a grind,
Ne'er cutting lectures tries;
He does not wear a gaudy coat,
Nor rainbow colored ties —
Nor does he note the tiny mote
Within his brothers' eyes:
It is an edifying treat
A youth so good to see —
If him you meet upon the street,
Pray bend a humble knee;
For high is held his brainy head,
He dreams some day to be —
Unless an heiress he should wed —
(And if, of course, he is 'nt dead)
An eminent Q. C.

CHORUS:—

Oh, Arts may frivol and Science may frisk
And Medical Students may scrap,
But I never saw a Student of Law
Who was 'nt a serious chap —
A gloomy, Bryonic, in-want-of-a- tonic,
Deuce of a serious chap! —
Shades of Papinian, Gaius, Justinian,
Pity this curious chap!

II.

He rises with the morning sun
In weather foul or fair;
He thinks it fun to wolf a bun
While combing out his hair! —
He learns that violent exercise
Digestion doth impair;

He also tries — O great surprise! —
To learn to never swear,
He has three lectures every day,
And as a general rule
He thinks that they in every way
Are quite as nice as school;
Some hours he has wherein to lark,
To act the giddy fool —
And then he spends, a lawyer's clerk
(From 10 A. M., till nearly dark —),
Indentured on a stool.

CHORUS:—

Oh, Arts may holler and Science may shout,
Medical Students may bellow,
But I never saw a Student of Law
Who was 'nt the soberest fellow —
A quiet, hard-thinking, only soft-drinking
Y. M. C. A. of a fellow! —
O Lawyers Mosaic, O Jurists Archaic,
Pity the saint of a fellow!

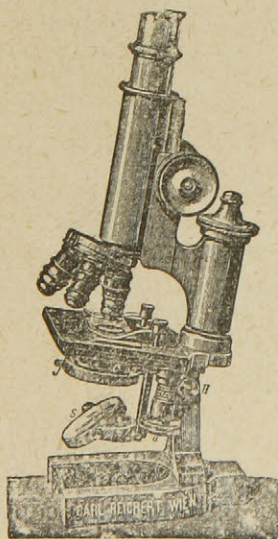
III.

Now some there be who football play
(Which all their sinews crack),
And others they do strive all day
Of quoits to learn the knack,
And some do run in scanty dress
Around the cinder track;
Others no less their minds distress
A little ball to whack —
But he of whom we now do sing
Enjoyeth none of these —
A bill-of sale, or some such thing,
His mind doth greatly please;
He also loves a problem deep
To worry at his ease —
Alas! he oft' late hours doth keep,
(Though much in need of beauty-sleep —)
His brain with law to tease!

CHORUS:—

Oh, Arts may gambol and Science may leap
And Medical Students "see red,"
But I never saw a Student of Law
Who had 'nt a studious head —
A most philosophical, swell-the-top-off-ical,
Abnormally logical head!
Lawyer and Notary (all the law coterie),
Oh, pity his overworked head!

F. W. E.



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DARLEY WAS GOOD FOR HARD WORK.

"Frank, dear," said Mrs. Darley. "Mrs. Fosdick was talking about you the other day, and she said she thought you didn't look well. Do you know, I'm getting to be quite anxious about you?"

"What are you anxious about, I'd like to know? Don't I eat and sleep well?"

"Well, you sleep fairly well, and your appetite is not so bad, but—"

"But what? Am I bent and round-shouldered and bald, or what is it you mean?"

"Why, dear, I thought that possibly you ought to get your life insured. You know we have very little saved up, and if you were to go off and die it would leave me in very poor circumstances financially. If, for instance, you went into a rapid decline—"

"Mary Jane, what on earth are you talking about? To listen to you one might think that I come from a consumptive family, and I was in the last stages of a galloping consumption, with my death-warrant written all over my face, and that you were getting ready to be an interesting widow, and go off and have a good time on the returns from my life insurance policy. I'm not going to take out a policy, and I'm as healthy and strong as I ever was in my life, and I don't want you to intimate that there is any sort of hard work which I cannot do."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear that, Frank!"

And Mrs. Darley gave a little gasp of joy, and threw her arms round her husband's neck. "I'm so glad to hear you say you are well and strong, because the lawn needs mowing so badly, and I was dreadfully afraid that you were too ill to push the lawnmower."

Whereupon Mr. Darley went out and cut the grass in front of the house. —Tit-Bits.

SIR JOHN'S ONLY RACING BET.

Sir John Macdonald, with all his gaiety, his abundance of animal spirits and his love of fun, never made a practice of betting on horse races. Once, in 1865, he departed from his usual custom. Along with Messrs. Cartier, Brown and Galt, he was in England discussing with the Imperial authorities the details of Confederation. It was the Derby month, and when the great day arrived an adjournment was made to allow everybody to go to Epsom. Mr. Russell of "The Times" drove the Canadians down, and gave the party a very merry time. A pool was made up at a guinea a draw. Mr. Galt drew Gladiateur the favorite, while Mr. Macdonald drew the field. The others drew blanks.

"You are a lucky fellow," said Mr. Macdonald—he was not "Sir John" then—to Mr. Galt.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "There are fourteen horses running, and it is a great chance if one of them does not come in ahead."

"Well," said Mr. Macdonald, "I will swop, and give you a guinea to boot."

"Done," said Mr. Galt.

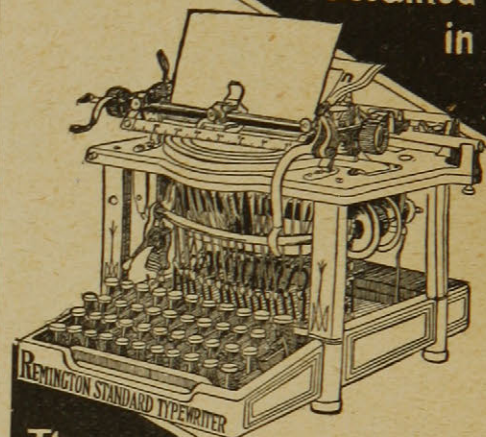
When Gladiateur passed the winning post, about the length of his nostrils ahead of the second horse, Sir John had won twenty guineas by his first bet on a horse race.—Canadian Magazine.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BECOME A DOCTOR.

Dear Sir,—"Fourteen Years Qualified's" letter on this subject ought not to pass unchallenged. He says that it is possible to become a medical man for just over £500. Yes, it is just possible, but it is so difficult to manage that scarcely three men in a hundred would do it on so little.

It is to be hoped that your correspondent's optimism will not have the result of inducing some young fellow

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to enter upon the study of medicine under the pleasing delusion that the £500 odd, which is all he can command, will suffice for his needs. For it is more than likely such a man will be badly disappointed.

It should in the first place be borne in mind by the would-be medical student that the bare number of lecture courses and the minimum number of years' study which the General Medical Council has ordained to be compulsory are not necessarily enough for all men.

A great number of students find it practically impossible to obtain sufficient knowledge of the many and varied subjects of examination without a certain amount of special coaching, and coaching costs both money and

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time. Then there are other courses of lectures, which, though not absolutely obligatory, are far too useful in one's after career to be wisely ignored. And this fact is most important to remember—it is the rule rather than the exception for the student to sustain one or more failures in one or another of his professional examinations. These failures entail an extra period of six or nine months' study, the payment of further fees, and perhaps still more special coaching. And even when a diploma has been obtained it is not of its true value to the possessor unless he has further capital at his command, for the market value of a newly-qualified doctor is from £80 to £100 per annum, with board and lodging; that is, a doctor is as a money-maker worth no more than a first-class drapery hand.

If he hopes for a reasonably comfortable home and an income sufficiently large to render marriage justifiable, he must put his hand in his own or someone else's pocket, and extract therefrom a further sum of from £700 to £1,500 for the purchase of a practice or for living expenses during the years he is making one. He has costly instruments to buy, and if he is to keep abreast of the time he should have a library, even if a small one, of expensive medical books.

To sum up the whole matter, only a man of marked ability, untiring industry and perseverance, great powers of self-denial, sanguine disposition and an iron constitution should dream of becoming a doctor, unless he can be reasonably sure of being able to spend from £800 to £1,000 if necessary, for it is most likely that the former sum at least will be necessary.

Yours truly,

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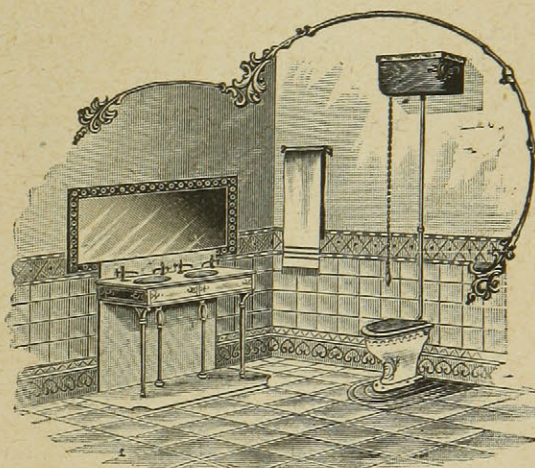
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